

HOW THE DOCTOR WON

By Jeannette S. Benton

Copyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure Company

The office boy heard the doctor in the annex and went out. Her face was buried in a basin of water, and the formaldehyde bottle stood open.

"How's the smallpox?" he asked.

"Bad," she replied, emerging rosy from the towel. "Is any one waiting?"

"No one now but Mr. Doane Aldrich; been three or four, but they got tired waiting."

"Very well. Tell him I will be there in a minute."

As the boy closed the door she walked to the mirror and regarded herself attentively, spraying violet water over her hands and hair.

"I wish I had some powder," she murmured. "I am afraid I look blowzy."

To the tall young man in the reception room she looked discouragingly cool and unperturbed as he arose at her entrance.

"It is a little matter, doctor," he explained. "I have just been transferred to the Y mine, and they have smallpox down there, so I suppose it is necessary to be vaccinated."

"It certainly is, if you haven't been lately. Things are in bad shape at the Y. I have put in the whole afternoon there. There's a good deal of smallpox and more dissatisfaction. I suppose the dissatisfaction is what sent you there."

"I suppose so. What's at the bottom of the trouble anyway?"

"Sickening hovels and the company store. If you can get the company to do anything before those people murder you as its nearest representative, you will be doing good work. However, come into the office, and I will vaccinate you."

He followed her in.

"This is the first time I ever came here as a subject," he remarked.

He bared his arm and looked quibulously at its white surface.

How could she be a doctor? Still, he had sometimes wished he could be sick a week or two. It would be such a good chance to see her every day. What was she going to do with that razor looking little knife? It had been so long since he was vaccinated he had forgotten all about it. Did she jab the stuff in at the end of that? If she was going to jab, he wished she would stop that scratching.

He watched the scratching knife, fascinated. Suddenly it began to describe erratic circles in his vision.

Dr. Ritchie felt his arm relaxing under her grasp. With a movement as quiet as it was quick she eased his stalwart body to the floor, then loosened his collar and dashed a little water in his face.

He opened his eyes slowly.

"Oh, I say," he gasped, "what's the matter?"

The doctor stood a little way off regarding him with professional gravity. "I was vaccinating you, and you fainted," she explained. "You will be all right in a moment."

He got rather uncertainly to his feet and leaned against a convenient case of drawers.

"Good Lord!" he groaned. "What do you think of me? I hope you don't think it was because it hurt. I don't know what it was. I was watching that little knife; then I was here on the floor. Please finish the job," he concluded irritably. "I'll try to stand up under it."

As she adjusted the small bandage he thought savagely:

"If I should lift you off your feet, my sweet doctor, and kiss that diabolical dimple, you might at least respect my muscle. How can a fellow make love to a woman doctor anyway?" Aloud he said, "Thank you, doctor," rather abruptly, hurried into his coat, settled with the office boy and got away with all speed.

The doctor strolled to the window and watched him go striding off, his big shoulders squared.

"Poor old fellow!" she said softly.

Then she flushed and smiled in a way that little befitted a member of the medical profession.

"He is bashful and stupid, too," she pouted.

Doane Aldrich squared his shoulders against his troubles often that winter. His recognized powers as a pacificator seemed to have signally failed.

One day he swung into the cart as the doctor was trotting home.

"See here," he said. "I must talk with you. I don't know what to do with those people. Heaven knows they have reason enough to be sore, and I am helpless. Of course they can't realize that, but the company pays no attention to my representations. I am the nearest thing the poor brutes have to hate, and they hate me well. Tomorrow I have got to discharge McGuire and Kearney."

The doctor interrupted: "That means a strike, to begin with. Then Kate McGuire and Dilsey Kearney—why, they would as soon have a riot as enough to eat."

"But what can I do? The men have come on the shift twice within a week drunk and quarrelsome. Overlook it and they will all get drunk and—"

"Raise hades," gently suggested the doctor. Then her face grew mischievous. "Don't you think you had better follow your predecessor's example and throw it up?" she suggested.

He looked at her with decided sternness.

"I supposed that was about the opinion you entertained of me. Excuse me. There's a man I want to see."

And Mr. Aldrich had checked the horse enough to depart.

It was cold, with a driving mist, when the doctor drove up to her gate several evenings later.

"Poor Bess!" she said to the panting horse. "Tired, aren't you?"

A small, tattered boy came down the road, running wearily, as though nearly spent.

"Oh, Miss Doctor," he shrilled, "wait!"

His face shone pale through the dirt. As he came up she recognized the pit boys' boy.

"Ma sent me to tell you to do something quick. Kate and Dilsey is out with a lot of wimin, an' they are runnin' wild. Mr. Aldrich went down with the new shift. Pa told him he better watch things on top, but he thought pa needed help. Now they are goin' to git hold of the shafthouse an' when Mr. Aldrich comes up with the new men either drop the cage or rock 'em."

The doctor's face had grown white as the boy talked.

"The shift will come up at 6?" she asked.

The boy nodded.

"Come into the house. You must be dried and fed. I will telephone the police, but Bess and I will get there half an hour ahead of them. Heaven knows what we will do, but we will do something or die!" she half whispered.

"Now, go, Bess!" she cried as she sprang into the buggy.

As she approached the little town she could hear a swelling din of discordant voices. She dashed through an alley and came out in the street in front of the shafthouse. The women were sweeping around the corner just below her, fifteen or twenty of them. Their tossing arms and distorted faces held her a second fascinated. Then her brown eyes brightened mischievously, and she wheeled the horse and cart directly in front of the howling crowd.

"Kate McGuire!" she called, pointing an accusing whip at her. Their momentum carried them nearly to the cart. Then, as they could not conveniently climb it and the "darlin'" doctor was a person to respect anyway, they stopped.

"What do you mean," she demanded sternly, "yelling around in this cold rain? What do you think it will do for your neuralgia? You will be crazy with it. Your cheek is all swelled up now, and your eye looks as though you had broken a blood vessel. I knew a woman once—her voice grew deeply impressive—'whose eye burst, and she didn't expose herself the way you are doing either. And you, too, Dilsey, just nicely over the smallpox—do you know what you will have? You will have a relapse!'"

She fairly buried the word at her, and Dilsey received it with a moan of terror.

"Holy mother, doctor!" she wailed. "Do it be fatal?"

Kate had shut her mouth and was whining softly, cuddling her face in her damp shawl. She turned reproachfully to the women behind her.

"The doctor's right. This do be a sorry night for poor wimin cratures to be out in, an' ye ought to be ashamed. Me head's crazy already wid the pain."

She came close to the buggy. "Doctor, dear, do be givin' me something!" she entreated.

"How many of you have vaccinations that you'll be taking cold in? And you, Jerusha—I thought you told me you couldn't speak a loud word?"

"No more I can," croaked Jerusha hoarsely.

"Go home, every one of you!" she waved imperiously. "You ought to be ashamed, running around like a lot of lunatics. I'll come around presently and give you something for that neuralgia, Kate, and you a dose, too, Dilsey."

Five minutes later there wasn't a woman in sight save the doctor. She drove the trembling horse into one of the sheds.

"Poor old girl!" she said, loosening up the harness. "I nearly killed you, didn't I?"

There was a sound of hurrying feet, and Mr. Aldrich came in breathlessly. "Are you safe?" he cried.

She gave him one quick glance, her white chin and red lips set with becoming gravity.

"I think I am," she replied, with a mild note of inquiry. "Do you feel dangerous?"

He strode up to her and looked down into the provoking face.

"A man who faints when he is vaccinated is a fit subject to be saved from a mob of women, isn't he?" he questioned. "Don't think I don't realize how serious it was. I know you probably saved me from a very unpleasant death, but I wish you hadn't."

He searched her face an instant, then suddenly drew her to him and kissed almost roughly the derisive dimple that was haunting at him.

"I have been tempted a hundred times," he said defiantly.

"And you were too—too stupid to—er—fail?"

The Division of Time.

The division of time into hours was practiced among the Babylonians from remote antiquity, but it was Hipparchus, the philosopher, who introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe. The sexagesimal system of notation was chosen by that ancient people because there is no number having so many divisions as sixty. The Babylonians divided the daily journey of the sun, the ruler of the day, into twenty-four parasangs. Each parasang or hour was subdivided into sixty minutes and that again into sixty seconds. They compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker in the same period of time, both covering one parasang, and the course of the sun during the full equinoctial day was fixed at twenty-four parasangs.

DR. WM. E. VAN GIESON

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
No. 393 Franklin Street, opp. Washington Avenue.
Office Hours: 8 to 9 A. M., 1.30 to 3, and 7 to 8 P. M.
Telephone call, Bloomfield 22.

DR. F. G. SHAUL

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
No. 70 Washington St., Bloomfield, N. J.
Office Hours: Until 9.30 A. M.; 12 to 2.30 P. M., 6 to 8 P. M.
Telephone No. 1-F.

DR. GILE

HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.
Office: 47 Broad Street, corner Franklin.
25 years experience. Special attention to severe and chronic cases, mental and physical.
Hours: 8 to 10 A. M., 3 to 7 P. M.

S. C. HAMILTON, D. D. S.

DENTIST.
No. 32 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
Telephone No. 68-1—Bloomfield.

DR. W. F. HARRISON

Office and Residence:
329 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
Office Hours: 8 to 9.30 A. M., 5 to 8 P. M.
Telephone No. 1254—Montclair.

CHAS. H. HALFPENNY

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office: 800 BROAD STREET, NEWARK.
Residence, Lawrence Street, Bloomfield.

Frederick B. Plich

Henry G. Plich.
PILCH & PILCH,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

22 CLINTON STREET, NEWARK, N. J.
Residence of F. B. Pilch, 78 Watessing Avenue.

HALSEY M. BARRETT

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office, 750 Broad St., Newark.
Residence, Elm St., Bloomfield.

CHARLES F. KOEHLER

COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
NEWARK: BLOOMFIELD
Prudential Building, 255 Bloomfield Avenue.

WM. DOUGLAS MOORE

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
OFFICE:
149 Broadway, New York City.
Residence, 12 Austin Place,
Bloomfield, N. J.

GALLAGHER & KIRKPATRICK

LAW OFFICES,
765 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.
JOS. D. GALLAGHER, J. BAYARD KIRKPATRICK.
Residence of J. D. Gallagher, Ridgewood Ave.,
Glen Ridge.

J. F. CAPEN

ARCHITECT.
784 Broad Street, Cor. Market Street, Newark.
Residence: 274 Franklin Street, Bloomfield.

DAVID P. LYALL

PIANO-TUNER.
88 Monroe Place, Bloomfield, N. J.
LOCK BOX 144.

WM. J. MAIER

TEACHER OF VIOLIN AND PIANO.
Music furnished for Weddings, Receptions, etc.
47 FAIRMOUNT AVENUE,
Newark, N. J.

J. G. Keyler's Sons,

556 Bloomfield Ave.,
DEALERS IN

FURNITURE

Of Every Description.
Parlor and Chamber Suits, Bureaus, &c.

Also Oil Cloth, Carpet Lining, Mattings, Mattresses and Spring Beds always on hand.
Upholstering and Repairing done with neatness.

Chemicals. Colors. Dyes.

INK

Used in Printing this Paper
IS MANUFACTURED BY

J. M. HUBER,

275 Water St.,
NEW YORK.

Benedict Bros.

NEW LOCATION.

Washington Life Insurance Building,
BROADWAY, COR. LIBERTY ST.

NEW YORK.

The Watch and Jewelry House of Benedict Bros. was established in Wall Street in 1819 by Samuel W. Benedict, the father of the present Benedict Bros., which makes it probably the oldest in their line in this country.

The present Benedicts removed to the corner of Cortlandt Street in 1863. They have long desired to have larger and fire-proof quarters, and now have, they believe, the most attractive Jewelry store in the United States, and perhaps in the world.

Their specialties are fine Watches, Diamonds and other Precious Gems.

BENEDICT BROTHERS

JEWELERS,
141 Broadway, cor. Liberty St.,
NEW YORK.



ORDER Blue Points

On Half Shell
—FOR—

New Years Dinner.

—AT—
HOPLER'S,

579 Bloomfield Avenue.

Telephone No. 7-b.

Chas. W. Hedden & Co.

UNDERTAKERS,
72 Clinton Street,
L. D. Telephone No. 59-B. BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
Everything Furnished Pertaining to the Business.

E. F. O'Neil,

PRACTICAL

HORSESHOEING,

425 Bloomfield Ave., near Orange St.

All interfering, overreaching, and lame horses shod in the most scientific manner and on approved principles. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Horses called for and brought home with care.

L. DAWKINS,

Cor. Montgomery and Orchard Streets
DEALER IN

FINE GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FRUITS,

Flour, Feed, Grain, Hay, &c

FREE

This magnificent PARLOR LAMP, beautifully decorated, with an order for 30 lbs. of New Crop, 60c. Tea, 10c. Baking Powder, 45c. a lb., or an assorted order Tea and B. P., or 60 lbs. Bonaire Coffee, 80c. a lb.

Coupons, which can be exchanged for many valuable presents, are given with every lb. of Tea, Coffee, Baking Powder, Spices and Extracts. Send today for your free coupon. The Great American Tea Co., Box 215, 35-37 Vesey St., N.Y.

ACCOUNTS OPENED EASY PAYMENTS

73 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.
Near Pine St., West of Broad St.
All billings transfer to our care.

HARNESS AND TRUNKS

NEW LINE OF WINTER GOODS.

Coolers, Winter Lap Robes and Sheets, and Driving Gloves.
Trunks and Satchels always in Stock.

Rubber and Oiled Goods.

Trunk Repairing a Specialty. Trunks in need of Repairs called for and delivered in any part of Bloomfield or Glen Ridge free of charge.

JOHN N. DELHAGEN,

10 Broad Street, Bloomfield.

The Standard Livery and Boarding Stables,

T. H. DECKER, Proprietor,

No. 600 BLOOMFIELD AVENUE.

Large stock of good horses. Perfect Family Horses.

Gentlemen's and ladies' driving horses.

Brand New Coaches, Carriages, and Buggies of Latest and most approved styles.

First-Class Equipment in Every Respect.

If you have occasion to use a livery of any kind for any purpose, or a horse to board, furniture or baggage to move, before going elsewhere visit and examine the facilities and accommodations of the Standard Livery and Boarding Stables.

FURNITURE STORED.

Courteous Attention and Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Telephone No. 72.

JOHN G. KEYLER'S SONS,

General Furnishing

Undertakers

and Embalmers.

556 Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

Everything pertaining to the Business furnished.

TELEPHONE CALL NO. 35.

There are Patents, and there are

PATENTS WHICH PROTECT.

We procure you the last kind unless you order otherwise.

Our preliminary searches (\$5) are very trustworthy, and free advice as to patent ability goes with them.

DRAKE & CO., Patents,

Cor. Broad & Market Sts.,

Telephone 2652. NEWARK, N. J.

Amos H. Van Horn, Ltd.

Here's a Furniture Sale that's "AMAZING"

in more ways than one—you can pick from unbroken lines covering acres of space; you can save dollars where other so-called "Sales" save you pennies—in brief, there's no store where your cash will do so much as 'twill here! Everything's your way.

BEDROOM SUITS, PARLOR SUITS, DINING FURNITURE, CHAIRS, DESKS, CARPETS, RUGS, ETC., ETC. EVERYTHING AT MARVELOUSLY DROPPED PRICES.

COUCHES.

Over 100 kinds, all reduced—Bed Couches, Box Couches, Day-exports, Reading Couches, Adjustable Head Couches—here's to 7 lines:

\$6.00 Couches for..... 4.25

\$7.00 Couches at..... 4.98

\$10.00 Couches at..... 7.49

\$18.00 Couches at..... 14.00

\$8.00 Couches at..... 5.98

\$14.00 Couches at..... 10.69

\$20.00 Couches at..... 16.00

PARLOR SUITS.

Over 100 different Parlor Suits on a single floor!

A \$25.00 Three-piece Damask Parlor Suit—very rich..... 13.75

A \$25.00 Parlor Suit—cherry frame, velvet covering—well finished.... 18.49

A \$30 Parlor Suit—damask covering—a favorite..... 22.65

A \$50 Parlor Suit—a red Verona plush covering—richly effective.... 38.50

A \$50 Parlor Suit—silk damask upholstery—wonderfully choice.... 40.25

A \$55 Parlor Suit in silk damask—something sumptuous..... 45.98

A \$75 Silk Damask Suit—odd colorings, at 59.89

All in velvet, odd colorings, some plain, some tufted—best of steel springs!

AMOS H. VAN HORN, Ltd.

Be sure you see "No. 73" and first name "AMOS" before entering our store.

ACCOUNTS OPENED EASY PAYMENTS

73 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Near Pine St., West of Broad St.

All billings transfer to our care.

